

The Gift of Santa

When I was a young boy, he appeared in department stores,
Stood on street corners, and sometimes occupied a tiny cottage in a local park.
Once I saw him descend from the cloudless sky in a decorated helicopter.
He bestowed his tiny stockings, filled with candies and charms to
The young children who waited impatiently
For the opportunity to tell him of their Christmas dreams.
He represented hope then; behavior improved, and the wishing
Intensified as the final days approached.
Years later, he still exists, but it is no longer his
Physical presence that excites the soul.
Strangely enough, his aura looms larger than it did then.
His light actually grows brighter as the years pass by.
I see him in year round Christmas shops on Cannery Row.
I've felt him in North Pole, Alaska where his shop
Spreads its warmth throughout the Alaska cold.
The shops sparkle with visions of Christmas past.
They trigger the memories of warmth and security experienced
With loved ones who filled our younger days.
As the brightly colored ornaments and crafted figurines
Dance slowly before your eyes,
You are hypnotized to those days when Christmas was a dream.
All of the players of the past are present once again and
You realize that despite the physical changes, they had never left,
They are still there in your memories.
The Christmas beacon will keep them burning brightly in your mind and
The dreams and hope of your youth return to keep you warm.

This is the gift of Santa Claus to us in 1982.
May we retain it throughout our daily lives.

Frank Allocco-1982